



You're an Idiot, Steve Harrington by LizzySong

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Summary: Steve's relationship with his father is one of mutual distain. (Rated T for emotional/verbal abuse and slurs)

You're an Idiot, Steve Harrington

Author's Note: I got a couple prompts on my tumblr to do a oneshot about Steve's home life, so here it is!

Hope you enjoy it!

-LizzySong

"You're an idiot." He'd lost count of how many times those words had been said to him.

Nancy had said it to him a couple times, and though she'd said it jokingly, he couldn't help but think there was at least a little part of her that believed it.

It was true, he didn't have the best grades in school, and he'd even failed a couple classes. But that didn't make him an idiot. ...Did it?

Steve sighed and covered his face with his hands for a moment. He'd just had another fight with his father, and he couldn't help but feel like there was something wrong with him -- the way he always did after a fight with the man.

No one at school knew about the way his father treated him. He didn't want them to; it made him feel weak. He was *King Steve*, after all. Or at least... he used to be.

Once he'd ditched his asshole "friends" and started dating Nancy he began to lose that popularity. But he didn't care. He had Nancy, and that's all he really needed.

...Now he didn't even have her. She'd left him for Jonathan, and the worst part was the he didn't blame her. Jonathan was smart and creative, and Steve was just... Well, Steve didn't know what he was. That was the problem.

The couple people he had told about his father had insisted it was abuse, especially Nancy. But he'd never been hurt in a fight with his dad -- not physically at least -- so he was sure that it couldn't count as abuse. Could it? No... he wasn't abused. His dad was just an asshole,

and his mom was just completely checked out, and... there was just something wrong with Steve.

He remembered the time that he'd gotten his ass kicked by Jonathan Byers in an alley after he'd called him a screw up, and he didn't blame Jonathan. Even a year ago when it happened... he never blamed him. Because Jonathan wasn't the screw up, Steve was. That's what his dad had always told him.

The only other person who knew about his father was his grandfather, who had died two years ago. His grandfather was the only person who truly believed in him. He was the only person in his family who came to all of his basketball games, and he'd even intervene when Steve's dad would try to start things at holiday dinners.

That's why he'd written about him in his application essay. Nancy hadn't understood how his grandpa was connected to his own experience of winning a basketball game, but it made perfect sense to Steve.

Because he remembered seeing his grandfather in the stands watching him proudly; and he remembered how that made him feel. And that was how he'd won that game.

He took a shaky breath and squeezed his eye closed, trying not to cry. He was sure that if he started crying now, he wouldn't be able to stop. And if his dad walked into his room while he was sitting on his bed crying, he knew he'd never live it down. This had only happened one time, but that was more than enough.

It had happened a week after his grandfather had died, and Steve had had another fight with his father. Normally after a fight, he'd call his grandpa to calm down, but at this point he no longer had that resource -- which had been his only resource -- and as he hid in his bedroom from his father, he couldn't help but break down.

But his father was evidently not finished with him because he'd only been crying a minute when the man came barging in.

"Don't walk away when I'm talking to you, you understand me?" he'd

yelled, and then stopped short when he had noticed Steve -- his son -- sitting on his bed, sobbing. "What the hell is wrong with you? You are sixteen years old, almost a grown-ass man! Why are you sitting here crying like some kind of fag? Sometimes I wonder if you really are my son. Because no son of mine would be caught dead acting this way."

Steve shuddered at the memory. He'd always regretted not telling his dad to go to hell, and that he wished he wasn't his son. Those words would be so satisfying to say, but he'd never had the guts to say them out loud.

He sighed and looked down at his watch which his grandfather had given him, and his eyes widened. "Shit!" he said, standing up. When had it gotten so late?

He had promised Dustin he'd drop him off at the Snow Ball, and if he didn't leave now, he was going to be late.

He liked Dustin. He was a good kid and he seemed to have taken a liking to Steve. He was like a little brother, and Steve wanted to help him in any way he could. --And if that meant teaching him how to do his hair and taking him to dances and... occasionally fighting monsters from another dimension... then that's what he was going to do.

He grabbed his keys and left his room, feeling his heart race as he walked down the stairs, realizing he would have to walk past his father to get out of the house.

He took a deep breath, and started walking through the living room, ignoring his father's abusive comments... until he stood up and followed Steve, grabbing him by the shoulder and turning his son around to face him.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Out."

The man laughed. It wasn't a genuine laugh, but a forced one of mockery, "'Out?' No. You're staying here. You're grounded, you hear

me? You're not going out with any little sluts tonight."

And that's when Steve realized something. After everything he'd been through the past month from protecting the kids from Billy, to protecting them from rabid dog-things from another dimension, to babysitting them every week since then because damnit, he had absolutely become their big brother, there was no reason for him to fear his father anymore.

He would never let the man treat any of the kids the way he treated Steve, and if he really wanted set a good example for said kids, then he shouldn't be letting his father treat him this way either.

"No," Steve said, "I don't hear you. I'm done listening to you. You made me think I was a piece of shit for eighteen years, and I'm done feeling like that."

He shrugged his father's hand off his shoulder and turned back around, leaving the house and heading for his car. He started the engine and smiled a little.

Finally he could let go of the fear of ending up like his father, because he was doing something his father never had: caring about someone besides himself.